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THE TOWN OF BASLE, IN SWITZERLAND.

BASLE, BALE, or BASIL, as it is sometimes called, is the capital of the Swiss Canton of the same name, and the largest, though not the most populous town in the whole of Switzerland. Its situation is one of great beauty; it stands upon the Rhine, just at the bend which that river makes when, after flowing for some time from west to east, it changes its course suddenly to the north. The place is of considerable antiquity, its origin being referred to the middle of the fourth century of the Christian era, about which period the Emperor Valentinian erected a fortress on the spot now occupied by the cathedral. The destruction of a neighbouring town having caused its inhabitants to seek a new place of residence, Basle began to increase with great rapidity, and becoming soon afterwards the seat of a bishopric, it rose to considerable importance.

Though exposed to its full share of the miseries which accompanied the struggles of the Swiss patriots, in defence of their liberties, it continued gradually on the increase until the commencement of the sixteenth century; at that period it reached the zenith of its prosperity, and thenceforward it insensibly declined. Towards the close of the last century it counted scarcely half the number of inhabitants which belonged to it in its earlier and brighter days; and even since then, its population seems to have still further decreased.

Basle is a clean well-built town, not unworthy of its charming situation; nevertheless, according to a modern writer, it is not one of the most interesting of the Swiss towns, being too near France, (for the canton of Basle is on the frontier of Switzerland, and the city itself is nearly on the edge of the canton,) to exhibit a true picture of a Swiss town, either in its external aspect, or in the manners of its inhabitants. The houses are generally neat in their appearance, and the streets are nearly all decorated with fountains, "which jet the clearest water in three or four streams into a large oval stone basin, full to the brim." The town is partly on the right, and partly on the left of the river; the latter portion is the more extensive, and is called Great Basle, in contradistinction to Little Basle, on the north bank. On the land-side the whole town is surrounded with a wall and a ditch, together with a proper proportion of towers, which are used as gates of entrance; one of these, St. Paul's Gate, forms the subject of our Engraving in the preceding page.

The public buildings of Basle are not remarkable as specimens of architecture; their chief attraction is derived from the associations connected with them. At the head of them is the Cathedral, which was founded in the year 1019; it is built in the Gothic style, of a kind of red stone, which has the appearance of brick. Within are some interesting monuments, and among them is the tomb of the celebrated Erasmus. Before this building there is a finely shaded terrace, overhanging the Rhine, which flows rapidly about two hundred feet beneath. "There," says Mr. Inglis, "I enjoyed a charming prospect, not altogether of a Swiss landscape, but in which were mingled some of the features of Swiss scenery. A delightful little plain, covered with thickets and small country-houses, extended from the opposite bank of the river to the foot of the hills, which stretch through the territory of Baden, (to the north.) These formed a fine back-ground, chequered as they were by sunshine and shade. Up and down the Rhine the gardens of the citizens, full of choice

shrubs and flowers, sloped down to the river-side, while, on one bank the picturesque buildings of Little Basle, and on the other the superb edifices of the rich merchants, extended as far as the eye could follow the curve of the river. Switzerland seemed still to lie beyond; for as the sun continued to sink, it suddenly disappeared behind a lofty range of mountains which bounded the horizon, and which form an appendage to the Jura."

Near the Cathedral is the Hall, in which were held the sittings of the famous Council of Basle, the successor of the still more famous Council of Constance. It is "very shabby," says M. Simond, "and in length and breadth scarcely equal to the (late) British House of Commons, with the ceiling not half so high. It seems very inadequate to contain, and still less to accommodate, the Fathers of the Council, with the crowd of princes, ambassadors, and great men of all degrees who attended it." Among the other buildings, the arsenal is the only one worthy of notice; it contains the armour of the celebrated Charles the Bold of Burgundy. That unfortunate prince furnished half the towns in Switzerland with similar trophies.

The town of Basle was formerly distinguished by a singularity of rather a curious kind, and one which used to form a sort of standing joke with travellers of the last century. "I arrived," says Cox, "at Basle, as I supposed, about twelve o'clock at noon, but was much surprised to find that all the clocks in the town struck one; and, on inquiry, I was informed that they constantly go an hour faster than the real time." It was difficult to discover either the origin or the reason of this whimsical practice, to which the good people of the town adhered with the most scrupulous pertinacity. Some referred it to the period of the famous council, and said that it was first resorted to with the view of bringing together, at a reasonable hour, the cardinals and other catholic dignitaries who attended that assembly, they having become rather too well disposed towards indolence and ease, and requiring to be thus cheated into an early attendance.

The most popular story, according to Dr. Moore, the well-known author of *Zeluco*, and the father of the celebrated Sir John Moore,—is, that about four hundred years ago, the city was threatened with an assault by surprise. The enemy was to begin the attack when the large clock of the tower, at one end of the bridge, should strike one after midnight. The artist who had the care of the clock, being informed that this was the expected signal, caused the clock to be altered, and it struck two instead of one; so the enemy, thinking they were an hour too late, gave up the attempt, and in commemoration of this deliverance, all the clocks in Basle have ever since struck two at one o'clock, and so on. In confirmation of this story, "they show," says the Doctor, "a head which is placed near to this patriotic clock, with the face turned towards the road, by which the enemy was to have entered. This same head lolls out its tongue every minute, in the most insulting manner possible. This was originally a piece of mechanical wit of the famous clockmaker's, who saved the town. He framed it in derision of the enemy whom he had so dexterously deceived. It has been repaired, renewed, and enabled to thrust out its tongue every minute for these four hundred years, by the care of the magistrates, who think so excellent a joke cannot be too often repeated."

This provoking head still adorns the tower on the southern side of the bridge; but its tongue would seem to be now fixed in the ludicrous position which,

in Dr. Moore's time, it assumed only every minute. According to Mr. Inglis, the origin of the figure is this:—"The Rhine divides the city into Great and Little Basil; and in former times, these towns were not always in harmony with each other. It happened that Little Basil, which was not able to cope with Great Basil in open warfare, laid a scheme by which Great Basil was to be entered by stealth, and surprised during the night; but the scheme being in some way discovered, and the attempt frustrated, the inhabitants of Great Basil caused a figure to be placed above the archway, which looks over to Little Basil, with the tongue thrust out of the mouth, in derision of so contemptible an enemy. I have been told that the inhabitants of Little Basil would gladly have this insolent tongue removed; but the inhabitants of Great Basil still enjoy the jest, and insist upon keeping the tongue where it is."

In a literary point of view, Basil is a city which has enjoyed considerable celebrity. Its University, the only one in Switzerland, was founded in 1460; and among its professors it has counted men of the highest repute in science and letters. "Who," says Coxe, "in the least conversant in letters, is unacquainted with the celebrated names of *Æcolampadius*, *Amerbach*, the three *Bauhins*, *Grynæus*, *Buxtorf*, *Wetstein*, *Iselin*, the *Bernoullis*, and *Euler*?" We do not expect all our readers to recognise every one of these names,—for we think it very likely that many have never heard of them before; but the last two are probably better known,—they will always stand high in the list of modern mathematicians, and would alone confer distinction on any establishment with which they were connected. The rest are equally famous in their way, though their celebrity belongs to a by-gone age; and they form, indeed, no mean array of learned divines, scholars, and philosophers.

The most interesting point, however, connected with the literary history of Basle, is the residence of Erasmus in it during the latter years of his life. That celebrated individual was induced, when he had reached the fifty-fourth year of his age, to quit his native country in search of "learned ease;"—the religious dissensions which agitated Holland, prevented him from enjoying it there. He chose Basle as his place of residence, and remained there for eight years, from 1521 to 1529; in which period he carried on his able, though unsuccessful, contest with Luther. The establishment of the Protestant religion at Basle, caused Erasmus to remove from it to the Roman Catholic town of Fribourgh. He repeatedly mentions that it gave him great concern to quit Basle, for he had been treated in it with great respect by all persons. It was the residence, also, of Froben, his favourite printer and confidential friend, who was, at the very time, employed in printing Erasmus's edition of the works of St. Augustine.

Erasmus was escorted out of Basle by some of the principal inhabitants. Circumstances, however, induced him to return in 1535, and in the following year he died. He was buried in the cathedral, and honoured by a public monument; most persons of consideration in the town, evinced their regard for his memory by visiting and viewing for the last time his mortal remains.

In one of the cavalry encounters (between the armies of Lord Wellington and Marshal Marmont, in September, 1811,) a French officer in the act of striking at the gallant Felton Harvey, of the fourteenth dragoons, perceived that he had only one arm, and with a rapid movement brought down his sword into a salute, and passed on!—*NAPLES'S Peninsular War.*

THE EFFECT OF OUR PLACES OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.

THE total number of benefices, or, more properly, separate incumbencies in this country, is about 10,700; the number of church places of worship within these districts, is considerably greater. In each of these places is heard the sound of the Sabbath-bell, reminding all that hear it, of the return of God's holy day, and inviting them to his house of prayer. Doubtless, there are many persons who discover nothing attractive in the sound, nothing holy in the work to which it calls them. But to a large body of our countrymen, the door of that house is not opened in vain; and multitudes of them are led thither every week, to listen to the glad tidings of the Gospel, and to unite in the services of Christian worship. Can any sensible man question, as it respects the population generally, the mighty effects of these weekly associations, and these regular means of grace? Can it be doubted that a vast influence is thus every where at work, operating beneficially upon the moral feelings and character of the people at large? Can any denomination of men truly say "We are not the better for it?"—*DR. DEALTRY'S Charge, 1834.*

* Would Dr. Watts have objected to these views, when he wrote the following lines?

These temples of his grace,	The honours of our native place
How beautiful they stand!	And bulwarks of our land.

"THE county of Suffolk, is the crack county of England it is the best cultivated, most ably, most carefully, most skilfully, of any piece of land of the same size in the whole world: its labourers are the most active and most clever; its farmers' wives, and women employed in agriculture, the most frugal, adroit, and cleanly, of any in the whole world: it is a country of most frank, industrious, and virtuous people, its towns are all cleanliness, neatness, and good order." But, say the Voluntaries, why attribute these benefits as resulting from the Established Church? We will allow Mr. Cobbett to reply:—"In the county of Suffolk there is a parish church in every three square miles, or less; and it is thus divided into parishes so numerous, as for the people every where to be almost immediately and constantly under the eye of a resident parochial minister."—*COBBETT.*

God hath been so good to his church, as to afford in every age, some such men to serve at his altar, as have been piously ambitious of doing good to mankind: a disposition that is so like to God himself, that it owes itself only to Him who takes a pleasure to behold it in his creatures.—*ISAAC WALTON.*

THERE is no way in which the young can better learn the sentiments of devotion, or the old preserve them, than by cultivating those habits of thought and observation, which convert the scenes of nature into the temple of God; which make us see the Deity in every appearance we behold, and change the world, in which the ignorant and the thoughtless see only the reign of time and chance, into the kingdom of the living and ever-present God of the universe. Reflections of this kind arise very naturally amidst the scenes we at present behold. In the beautiful language of the wise man, "The winter is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, and the time of the singing of birds is come." In these moments we are witnessing the most beautiful and astonishing spectacle that nature ever presents to our view. The earth, as by an annual miracle, arises, as it were, from her grave, into life and beauty. It is in a peculiar manner the season of happiness. The vegetable world is spreading beauty and fragrance amidst the dwellings of men. The animal creation is rising into life: millions of seen, and myriads of unseen beings, are enjoying their new-born existence; and hailing with inarticulate voice the power which gave them birth. Is there a time when we can better learn the goodness of the universal God? Is it not wise to go abroad into nature, and associate his name with every thing which at this season delights the eye and gratifies the heart?—*ALISON.*

THE LEMMING, (*Mus lemmus*.)

THE LEMMING.

THE native country of this animal, so singular for its migrations, appears to have been the mountains of Norway and Lapland, and the name Lemming, is that applied to it by the inhabitants of those regions. The length of its body, not including the tail, is about five inches, while the tail itself is not above half an inch. Its hair is very fine and thick, and irregularly marked with different colours, but its skin is so extremely thin, as to render it unfit to be manufactured into fur. The front of the head is black, as well as the neck and shoulders; the rest of the body is of a reddish colour, marked with black spots of different forms: the upper lip is cleft like that of the rabbits.

At times, these animals descend from the mountains in immense troops, and commit dreadful havoc. Their manners have been described by many historians, and the particulars they have related are so extraordinary, that if the veracity of these authors was not above suspicion, we might be induced to consider the facts related as so many fables.

The times selected by these little creatures to begin their journeys are quite uncertain. Their appearance is as sudden as their numbers, and before the least precaution can be taken, without warning of any kind, the ground is suddenly seen covered with these mischievous mice, and every blade of grass disappears before them. They march in columns, in a direct line, and no obstacle is sufficient to arrest their progress. They cross rivers, ascend the steepest hills, and wherever they proceed, leave behind them famine and desolation. As if not content with the destruction of every thing on the surface of the earth, they burrow in the soil, and destroy even the roots of the herbage. Happily, their ravages are confined to the open country, as they carefully avoid entering the dwellings of man. It has been said that they infect the grass over which they pass, and that when it springs up again, it is injurious to the cattle that feed on it. But this can hardly be the case, as their flesh is eaten by the Laplanders, who say it resembles that of the squirrel.

The Lemmings defend themselves with great fury when attacked, seizing the stick of their assailant, and even springing upon his person; they will then suffer themselves to be beaten to death before they relinquish their hold.

Although able to cross streams of water in calm weather, if a storm of wind should arise they are drowned in great numbers. Among their enemies are ermines, foxes, and birds of prey, who lie in wait for their destruction, so that very few of their immense hordes survive to return to their native mountains.

These formidable migrations are supposed to originate from an unusual multiplication of their tribes in their mountainous haunts, together with a defect of food, and, perhaps, they are instinctively taught to be aware of unfavourable seasons; at least it has been observed, that their chief movements are performed in those autumns which are succeeded by severe winters. The females sometimes produce their young on the march, and carry them in their mouths, and on their backs. The Lemmings usually perform these migrations about twice or three times in the space of twenty years.

ELECTRICITY.

ELECTRICITY is one of those agents pervading the earth and all substances, without giving any visible sign of its existence, when torpid; yet, when active, often producing violent and destructive effects.

Electricity may be called into action, by mechanical, chemical, and magnetic powers, and by heat; but we are ignorant how it is roused, or of the manner of its existence in bodies. It is supposed to be a highly elastic fluid, capable of moving through matter; and as experience shows that bodies in one electric state attract, and in another repel, each other, the system of positive and negative electricity is adopted. As each electricity has its peculiar properties, the science may be divided into the following branches.

Substances in which the two electricities are

combined, neither attract nor repel, except when the electric equilibrium is destroyed by friction; then the positive electricity is impelled in one direction, and the negative in another. Those of the same kind repel, and those of different kinds attract, each other. When the attractive and repulsive powers are not opposed at equal distances, they join suddenly with great rapidity, and produce the electric flash, explosion, and shock; then the natural state is restored, and electricity remains quiet till called forth by a new cause.

When two plates of glass, the one polished, and the other rough, are rubbed against each other, the polished surface acquires positive, and the rough negative electricity. Equal lengths of black and white ribbon, drawn together between the finger and thumb, so as to rub their surfaces together, the black ribbon has acquired negative, and the white, positive electricity: but if the whole length of the black ribbon be drawn across the white, the electricities will be changed; the black positive, the white negative.

Electricity passes through all substances, but with more facility through metals, water, the human body, &c., which are called conductors, than through air, glass, and silk, which are called non-conductors. When bodies are not surrounded with non-conductors, the electricity escapes quickly into the earth; a body charged with electricity, and surrounded by non-conductors, so that the electric fluid shall not escape, produces electricity of an opposite kind, in all bodies near it, and a state similar to its own in the distant parts; so that the two opposite electricities will attract each other.

Electricity is confined to the surface of bodies, as the exterior may be electric, and the interior in a state of neutrality. When electric matter is restrained by the non-conducting power of the air, which opposes its escape, and if the pressure of the electric matter is less than the force of the air, it is in a state of quiet; but when the air is extended by moisture, and it exceeds that force in any one point, the electricity escapes. Electricity is more easily retained by a sphere, but escapes from a point, and a pointed object receives it with most facility.

The heat produced by an electric shock is intense, but it is only accompanied by light, when the fluid is obstructed in its passage.

Electrical light is the same as the light of the sun, it seems to arise from the air being condensed during the rapid motion of the electric fluid; the production and condensation of vapour is a great source of atmospheric electricity. The atmosphere, when clear, is positively electric, and stronger in winter than in summer, and during the day than in the night.

Atmospheric electricity arises from the flowing of the electric fluid during the evaporation that arises from the earth. Clouds owe their existence and form probably to it, as they consist of hollow tubes, coated with electricity, and as it is either positive or negative the tubes repel each other, which prevents their uniting and falling down in rain. When two clouds charged with opposite kinds of electricity, approach within a certain distance, the thickness of the coating of electricity will increase on the two sides of the clouds that are nearest to one another, and when the accumulation becomes so great as to overcome the pressure of the atmosphere, a discharge takes place which occasions a flash of lightning. The pure air, at all times negatively electric, becomes more so on the approach of rain, snow, wind, or hail; but it afterwards varies on opposite sides, and the transitions are very rapid on the approach of a thunder-storm.

The Aurora Borealis is decidedly an electrical phenomenon which takes place in the highest regions of the atmosphere. It is somehow connected with the magnetic poles of the earth; it generally appears in the form of a luminous arch from east to west, but never from north to south. Mr. Faraday conjectures that the electric equilibrium of the earth, is restored by means of the Aurora conveying the electricity from the poles to the equator.

ACCOUNT OF THE ESTABLISHMENT OF A PRINTING PRESS IN THE SOCIETY ISLANDS.

AFTER a considerable portion of the inhabitants of TAHITI had been converted to Christianity, their anxiety to procure books for improvement materially increased. This circumstance being peculiarly favourable to its promulgation, induced the missionaries to erect a *Printing Press*, which might furnish the people with the information they were seeking. Accordingly, under the direction of their king, Pomare, the work was divided between several parties, and in a short time completed. The press was erected at Afareaitu, whither numbers of the natives flocked to see this wonderful machine in operation. The king, who was exceedingly delighted when he heard of its arrival, had requested that he might be sent for whenever we should begin to work, and a letter having been sent to inform him we were nearly ready, he hastened to the printing office, accompanied by a few favourite chiefs, and followed by a large concourse of people.

I took the composing-stick in my hand, and observing Pomare looking with curious delight at the new and shining types, I asked him if he would like to put together the first *A. B.*, or alphabet. His countenance lighted up as he answered in the affirmative. I then placed the composing-stick in his hand; he took the capital letters, one by one, and made up the alphabet. He put the small letters together in the same manner; and the few monosyllables composing the first page of the small spelling-book, were afterwards added. He was delighted when he saw the first page complete, and appeared desirous to have it struck off at once; but when informed that it would not be printed till as many were composed as would fill a sheet, he requested that he might be sent for whenever it was ready. He visited us almost every day until, having received intimation that it was ready for the press, he came attended by only two of his favourite chiefs. They were, however, followed by a numerous train of attendants and crowds of the natives were collected round the door.

The king examined, with great minuteness and pleasure, the form as it lay on the press, and prepared to take off the first sheet ever printed in his dominions. Having been told how it was done, he jocosely charged his companions not to look very particularly at him, or to laugh if he should not do it right. I put the ink-ball into his hand, and directed him to strike it two or three times upon the face of the letters: this he did, and then placing a sheet of clean paper upon the parchment, it was covered down, turned under the press, and the king was directed to pull the handle: he did so, and when the printed sheet was lifted up, the chiefs and assistants rushed towards it, to see what effect the king's pressure had produced. When they beheld the letters black, and large, and well-defined, there was a simultaneous expression of wonder and delight. The king took up the sheet, and having looked first at the paper, and then at the types, with attentive admiration, handed it to one of his chiefs.

and expressed a wish to take another. He printed two more: and while he was so engaged, the first sheet was shown to the crowd without, who, when they saw it, raised one general shout of astonishment and joy. He remained attentively watching the press, and admiring the facility with which, by its mechanism, so many pages were printed at one time, until it was near sunset, when he left us; taking with him the sheets he had printed, to his encampment on the opposite side of the bay. The spelling-book, being most needed, was first put to press, and an edition of 2600 copies soon finished. The king with his attendants passed by the printing-office every afternoon, on their way to his favourite bathing-place, and seldom omitted to call, and spend some time in watching the progress of the work. He engaged in counting several of the letters, and appeared surprised when he found that, in sixteen pages of the spelling-book, there were upwards of five thousand of the letter *a*.

An edition of 2300 copies of the *Tahitian Catechism*, and a collection of texts, or extracts from Scripture, were next printed; after which St. Luke's Gospel. The curiosity awakened in the inhabitants of Afareaitu by the establishment of the press, was soon satisfied; day after day Pomare visited the printing-office; the chiefs applied to be admitted inside, while the people thronged the windows, doors, and every crevice through which they could peep, often involuntarily exclaiming, *Be-ri-ta-ni-e! fenua paari, O Britain!* land of skill, or knowledge. The press soon became a matter of universal conversation; and the facility with which books could be multiplied, filled the minds of the people in general with wonderful delight. Multitudes arrived from every district of Eimeo, and even from other islands, to procure books and to see this astonishing machine.

The excitement manifested frequently resembled that with which the people of England would hasten to witness, for the first time, the ascent of a balloon, or the movement of a steam-carriage. So great was the influx of strangers, that for several weeks before the first portion of the Scriptures was finished, the district of Afareaitu resembled a public fair. The beach was lined with canoes from distant parts of Eimeo and other islands; the houses of the inhabitants were thronged, and small parties had erected their temporary encampments in every direction.

The printing-office was daily crowded by the strangers, who thronged the doors, &c. in such numbers, as to climb upon each other's backs, or on the sides of the windows, so as frequently to darken the place. The house had been enclosed with a fence, five or six feet high, but this, instead of presenting an obstacle to the gratification of their curiosity, was converted into the means of facilitating it: numbers were seen sitting on the top of the railing, whereby they were able to look over the heads of their companions who were round the windows.

I have frequently seen thirty or forty canoes from distant parts of Eimeo, or from some other island, lying along the beach, in each of which five or six persons had arrived, whose only errand was to procure copies of the Scriptures. For these, many waited five or six weeks while they were printing. Sometimes I have seen a canoe arrive with six or ten persons for books, who, when they have landed, have brought a large bundle of letters, perhaps thirty or forty, written on plantain-leaves, and rolled up like a scroll. These letters had been written by individuals, who were unable to come and apply personally for a book, and had therefore thus sent, in order to procure a copy.

One evening, about sunset, a canoe from Tahiti, with five men, arrived on this errand. They landed on the beach, lowered their sail, and, drawing their canoes on the sand, hastened to my native dwelling. I met them at the door, and asked them their errand. *Luka*, or *Te parau na Luka*, "Luke, or the word of Luke," was the simultaneous reply, accompanied with the exhibition of the bamboo canes filled with coconut oil, which they held up in their hands, and had brought as payment for the copies required. I told them I had none ready that night, but if they would come on the morrow, I would give them as many as they needed; recommending them, in the mean time, to go and lodge with some friend in the village. Twilight in the tropics is always short—it soon grew dark; I wished them good night, and afterwards retired to rest, supposing they had gone to sleep at the house of some friend; but on looking out of my window about daybreak, I saw these five men lying along on the ground on the outside of my house, their only bed being some platted coconut leaves, and their only covering the large native cloth they usually wear over their shoulders. I hastened out, and asked them if they had been there all night; they said they had; I then inquired why they did not, as I had directed them, go and lodge at some house, and come again. Their answer surprised and delighted me: they said, "We were afraid that, had we gone away, some one might have come before us this morning, and have taken what books you had to spare, and then we should have been obliged to return without any; therefore, after you left us last night, we determined not to go away till we had procured the books." I called them into the printing-office, and as soon as I could put the sheets together, gave them each a copy: they then requested two copies more, one for a mother, another for a sister; for which they had brought payment. I gave these also. Each wrapped his book in a piece of white native cloth, put it in his bosom, wished me good morning, and without, I believe, eating or drinking, or calling on any person in the settlement, hastened to the beach, launched their canoe, hoisted their matting sail, and steered rejoicing to their native land.

M. C.

[Chiefly abridged from Mr. Ellis.]

GIPSIES.

IN England they are still pretty numerous, but are found only in distant places, seldom coming into the towns, excepting in small companies of two or three persons. In Germany, Sweden, and Denmark, they have become rare, as also in Switzerland and the Low Countries. In Italy, their numbers are diminished. In Spain it is said that there are 50 or 60,000 of them. In Transylvania they are most numerous; for in a population of 1,720,000 souls, there are reckoned 104,000 gipsies. We do not exaggerate in estimating the Tzengarian, or gipsy population of Europe, at nearly a million; in Africa, 400,000, in India, at 1,500,000; and about 2,000,000 in all the rest of Asia—for, except in Asiatic Russia, China, Siam, and Japan, they are every where to be found. Hence we may deem the total population of these people to be 4,000,000.—*Edinburgh Philosophical Journal*.

WHEN I see the spirit of liberty in action, I see a strong principle at work; and this for a while is all I can possibly know of it. The wild gas, the fixed air, is plainly broke loose; but we ought to suspend our judgment, until the first effervescence is a little subsided, till the liquor is cleared, and until we see something deeper than the agitation of a troubled and frothy substance. I must be tolerably sure, before I congratulate men upon a blessing, that they have really received one. Flattery corrupts both the receiver and giver, and adulation is not of more service to the people, than to kings.—BURKE.

MUNGO PARK IN THE DESERT.

I WAS obliged to sit all day without victuals, in the shade of a tree; and the night threatened to be very uncomfortable, for the wind rose, and there was great appearance of a heavy rain, and the wild beasts are so very numerous in the neighbourhood, that I should have been under the necessity of climbing up the tree, and resting amongst the branches. About sunset, however, as I was preparing to pass the night in this manner, and had turned my horse loose, that he might graze at liberty, a woman, returning from the labours of the field, stopped to observe me, and perceiving that I was weary and dejected, inquired into my situation, which I briefly explained to her: whereupon, with looks of great compassion, she took up my saddle and bridle, and told me to follow her. Having conducted me into her hut, she lighted up a lamp, spread a mat on the floor, and told me I might remain there for the night. Finding that I was very hungry, she said she would procure me something to eat. She accordingly went out, and returned in a short time with a very fine fish; which, having caused to be half-broiled upon some embers, she gave me for supper. The rites of hospitality being thus performed, towards a stranger in distress, my worthy benefactress, pointing to the mat, and telling me I might sleep there without apprehension, called to the female part of her family, who had stood gazing on me all the while in fixed astonishment, to resume their task of spinning cotton, in which they continued to employ themselves great part of the night. They lightened their labours by songs, one of which was composed extempore, for I was myself the subject of it. It was sung by one of the young women, the rest joining in a sort of chorus. The air was sweet and plaintive, and the words literally translated, were these: "The winds roared and the rains fell. The poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat under our tree. He has no mother to bring him milk; no wife to grind his corn. Chorus, Let us pity the white man, no mother has he, &c." Trifling as this recital may appear to the reader, to a person in my situation the circumstance was affecting in the highest degree. I was oppressed by such unexpected kindness; and sleep fled from my eyes. In the morning, I presented my compassionate landlady with two of the four brass buttons which remained on my waistcoat; the only recompense I could make her.—PARK'S *Travels in Africa*.

SWEAT is the destiny of all trades, whether of the brows or of the mind. God never allowed any man to do nothing. How miserable is the condition of those men who spend the time as if it were given them, not lent: as if the hours were waste creatures, and such as should never be accounted for.—BISHOP HALL.

THE frequent contemplation of death, as it shows the vanity of all human good, discovers likewise the lightness of all terrestrial evil, which certainly can last no longer than the subject upon which it acts; and according to the old observation, must be shorter, as it is more violent. The most cruel calamity which misfortune can produce, must, by the necessity of nature, be quickly at an end. The soul cannot long be held in prison, but will fly away, and leave a lifeless body to human malice.—DR. JOHNSON.

I LOOK upon it as a peculiar happiness, that were I to choose of what religion I would be, and under what government I would live, I should most certainly give the preference to that form of religion and government, which is established in my own country. In this point, I think I am determined by reason and conviction; but if I shall be told that I am actuated by prejudice, I am sure it is an honest prejudice; it is a prejudice that arises from the love of my country, and, therefore, such a one as I will always indulge.—ADDISON.

Just before his death, LOCKE thus addressed a friend: "May you live and be happy, in the enjoyment of health and freedom, and those blessings which Providence has bestowed upon you. You loved me living, and will preserve my memory when I am dead. All the use to be made of it is, that this life is a scene of vanity, which soon passeth away, and affords no solid satisfaction, but in the consciousness of doing well, and in the hopes of another life. This is what I can say upon experience, and what you will find to be true, when you come to make up the account."

SHIRBOURN CASTLE, OXFORDSHIRE.

IN the southern and most picturesque part of Oxfordshire, near the base of the Chiltern Hills, stands Shirbourn Castle, the ancient stronghold of the De l'Isle and Quatremaine families, and in modern times, the seat of the Earls of Macclesfield. In the tenth year of Edward III., (1337,) Wariner de l'Isle, obtained from the crown a charter of free-warren, and permission to enclose one hundred acres of woodland for a park, at this place. It was not, however, until the last year of the same reign, forty years afterwards, that there is any record of the erection of the existing castle, which appears to have been founded by Sir Wariner de l'Isle, the son of the first holder of the land. The property subsequently passed through several hands, and was purchased, together with the manor, early in the last century, by Thomas Parker, the first Earl of Macclesfield, who was an eminent judge at that period, and elevated to the dignity of Lord Chancellor, by George the First, in 1718. Three years afterwards he was advanced to the Earldom of Macclesfield. George Parker, his son, the second earl, was distinguished for his literary and scientific attainments. He was LL.D. of the University of Oxford; and for some years President of the Royal Society. In 1750, he took a prominent part relative to the alteration of the style; about which time he published *Remarks on the Solar and Lunar Years, the Cycle of Nineteen Years, &c.* He died in 1764.

When viewed externally, there are, probably, few finer existing specimens of the castellated architecture of feudal times, than the stern and imposing structure delineated in our engraving. The first advance towards combining security with some degree of comfort, in places of defence, seems to have been made about the period of its erection; though many years succeeded, before the castle gave way entirely to what may be properly called the castellated mansion; which was, in its turn, better adapted to the wants and conveniences of more peaceful times.

The design of Shirbourn Castle is nearly that of a parallelogram; each angle is defended by a strong circular tower, the intermediate spaces severally presenting a flat stone front, along the summit of which an embattled parapet is carried. The whole structure is surrounded by a moat of great breadth and depth, and is entered by means of three drawbridges, at the termination of which is the principal gateway, defended by a massy portcullis.

Such is the external character of this memento of a warlike age; which, excepting the alterations that have taken place in the vicinage and approaches, probably in no essential respect differs from its appearance in the fourteenth century. The surprise of the visiter, therefore, may be imagined, when, on entering within its venerable walls, he finds the interior fitted up in a style of modern elegance and comfort, which dissipates every idea of antiquity, and has not the slightest correspondence with the character of the structure. The armoury, a long and spacious room, is almost the only part of the edifice, which carries the mind back to the past. The "chair of baronial dignity," still preserves its place in this apartment, on the walls of which are suspended many interesting pieces of armour, shields, tilting-spears, and various kinds of ancient as well as modern defensive weapons. The other principal rooms are not of very large dimensions, although commodious and well-proportioned. There are two extensive libraries, which are well filled with books, and tastefully adorned with paintings and sculpture;

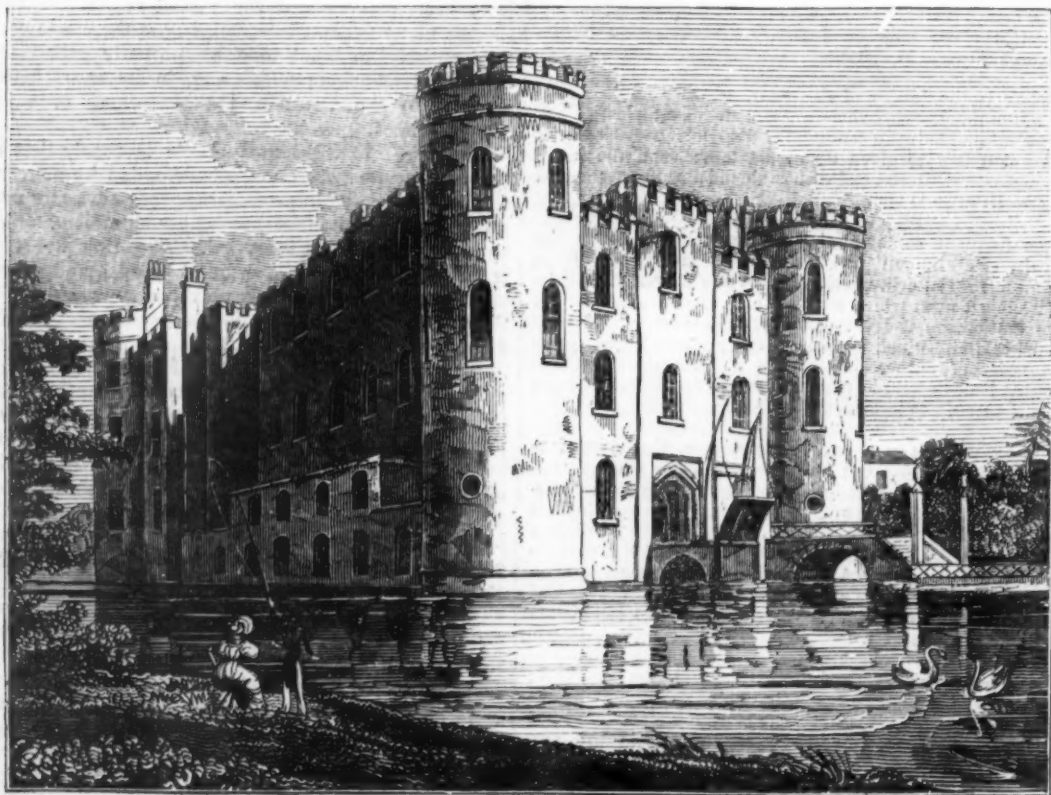
among the portraits is an original of Catherine Parr, Queen of Henry the Eighth, and several of the Lord Chancellor Macclesfield. That of the gentle and unfortunate queen is extremely interesting. She is represented, (observes Mr. Brewer, in his account of Oxfordshire,) standing behind a highly embellished vacant chair, with her hand on the back. Her dress is black, richly ornamented with precious stones. The fingers are loaded with rings, and in one hand is a handkerchief, edged with deep lace. Inserted in the lower part of the frame, and carefully covered with glass, is an interesting appendage to this portrait—a piece of hair cut from the head of Catherine Parr in 1799, when her coffin was opened at Sudley Castle. The hair corresponds with that in the picture, which is auburn.

The scenery of the park, which is of small extent, comprising only about sixty acres, wants variety, arising from the flatness of the ground. The gardens, (especially the flower-garden, and a magnificent conservatory,) are extensive, and laid out with considerable taste. The approach to the grounds, through the small village of Shirbourn, which has been designated "an offensive foil to the massive splendour of the neighbouring castle," did not indicate, a few years since, the vicinage of nobility.

The scenery of the district in which Shirbourn is situated, is rich, diversified, and sometimes even romantic in its combinations. South Oxfordshire, indeed, abounds with most of those constituents, which give so peculiar an interest to the scenery of "merry England." The Chiltern Hills, which cross the district, "sometimes in a waving line, sometimes clothed with thick woods of beech," now protruding their lofty white sides of chalk amidst dark and

glossy foliage, now swelling into wide and open downs, every where give life to the landscape, which is an alternation of hill and valley, abounding with variety of scene. The basis of the Chiltern division is chalk, covered in most parts by a clayey loam differing in depth, and occasionally containing considerable quantities of flints. It still abounds in beech as in the time of Leland, three centuries ago, when it formed a portion of the immense forest, stretching from the county of Kent in this direction for a distance of one hundred and twenty miles. Mr. Davis observes, that "the beech-woods of Oxfordshire consist of trees growing on their own stems, produced by the falling of the beech-mast, as very little is permitted to grow on the old stools which are generally grubbed up. In former times, the woods of Oxfordshire formed one of the chief boasts of the county; but of late years, much of the land has been converted into tillage which was formerly occupied with wood." A considerable portion of the Chiltern Hills is too steep to admit of cultivation, and is, therefore, left in open downs, which are pastured with sheep; occasionally, however, their sides are rendered arable to the summits.

On one of the boldest eminences of the range, in the neighbourhood of the castle, stands Shirbourn Lodge, long the abode of the Dowager Lady Macclesfield, who, we are told, "resided here in all the dignified simplicity attributed to the noble dames in ancient times." Its site is one of extreme beauty; surrounded by the gloom of wood, and commanding an extensive view over the rich and undulating landscape beneath, it seems to the distant spectator, completely sequestered and shut out from "the world," and all its joys and sorrows.



SHIRBOURN CASTLE, OXFORDSHIRE.